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one but himself to *tirade* against 'old Jews' clothes' (p. 153).

UP-TO-DATENESS. In the number of the *Author* for January, 1895, there is a note from Mr. J. M. Lely, containing this paragraph:—

Then as to "up-to-dateness." I have seen this word used in the *Referee*, but I believe it to be considered as generally unfit for serious prose. But by what word or what number of words can its obvious meaning be expressed? Surely the sooner the word, or a better single word, if such can be found, is admitted into serious prose the better.

VERT. The *Century Dictionary* notes as a British colloquialism a verb *to vert*, meaning to change from one religious sect to another. Of late this Britishism has had its meaning enlarged to include a political as well as a religious change of faith. The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge has kindly sent me a clipping from the London *Daily Telegraph* of July 15th, in which we are informed that "among the seats which should be captured are Reading, which *verted* from Unionism in 1892, Devonport," etc.

WIN (as a noun). The *Galignani Messenger*, although published in France, is the most British of journals; and the searcher for Britishisms can find his game in almost any number of this ill-printed Parisian sheet. But it is not common to find as many as there are in the following paragraph in the issue for July 11th, 1895:—

Never has there been such a popular *win* in the whole history of the Regatta as when Trinity Hall, the only Cambridge eight entered in the Grand Challenge, paddled past the winning-post some 10 lengths ahead of the American Cornell University crew. The time of the race, 7 min. 12 sec., does not make it out very fast, as yesterday's breeze had gone down, and what little air there was blew across and not down the course. Cornell, with their very rapid stroke, gained a little after the start, but soon fell back to the Englishmen. At Fawley—reached in the quick time of 2 min. 23 sec.—they were scarcely more than their canvas ahead. From that point, rowing beautifully together in true 'Varsity style, Hall gradually *wore* the Yankees *down*. The latter's form gradually deteriorated as they got more and more *backed*, and when the Hall boat began to lead them, they caved in altogether, though they did not actually stop.

WORSEMENT. In the United States "special assessments" are levied on real estate which is raised in value by the opening of new

streets, the laying out of squares, etc. In Great Britain the ground landlords have bitterly resented any attempt to make them bear a share of the cost of the municipal improvements which benefitted their property. One of their methods was to call these improvements *betterments*, and then to denounce this word as an Americanism. So far as I know the word is wholly unknown in the United States. In Great Britain its use has led logically to the invention of *worsement* to indicate the injury sometimes done to a special property by a scheme of general improvement. In the *Illustrated London News* of June 1st, 1895, in a report of the doings of Parliament was the following paragraph:—

The Finance Bill was read a third time without amendment, and a compromise on the *betterment* question removed at last the principal obstacle to the prosecution of improvements by the London County Council. This compromise admits the principle of compensation to owners of property for "*worsement*."

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ARE THE HACKMAN-REAY LOVE-LETTERS GENUINE?

IN the spring of 1779 all London was shocked at the murder of Miss Reay, by Mr. Hackman. The former was the extremely beautiful and accomplished mistress of the dissolute Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty; to him, in the course of seventeen years, she bore nine children, among them Basil Montagu,—the Montagu who tried to make the world believe that Lord Bacon was not the scoundrel he had sometimes been painted. James Hackman, when he met Martha Reay at the Admiralty (1775) and straightway fell in love with her, was a recruiting officer in the army; three years later he sold his commission, in order to return from his post in Ireland, and be near Miss Reay. In 1879 he took orders. Meantime, the hope he had long cherished of marrying (for the affection was reciprocal) was crushed by learning, through a third person, that he was no longer loved. Al-

¹ The Love-Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R. 1775-1779. Edited by Gilbert Burgess. Chicago: Stone & Kimball 1895.

ways an over-ardent wooer, with a touch of melancholy in his blood, he was now driven to despair. Seeking out his mistress at the theatre with the determination to destroy himself in her presence, he yielded to a sudden frenzy of jealousy and shot first the object of his love, then himself. Miss Reay died instantly; Hackman sustained a mere scalp-wound. The unhappy prisoner was tried for murder, and executed; in his trial he behaved like a man, and in his death like a gentleman.

London was touched to the heart by the piteous fate of the lady, and the sadder end of the lover. Pamphlets told the story; and one, published the next year by Sir Herbert Croft, and called *Love and Madness*, gave what purported to be the correspondence of the unhappy pair. Among the letters was a long one telling for the first time the whole truth about Thomas Chatterton; the documents for this letter were obtained by Croft from the dead poet's mother and sister—the fact that he kept them against agreement and never properly paid for them, calling down upon him in later years the wrath of Robert Southey. *Love and Madness* ran through edition after edition; in the ninth, Croft confessed that the Chatterton letter was his own, and that of the whole correspondence only "the outline" was true. But before this claim there was some talk about the matter, as on the part of Walpole, who, taking a lesson from experience, at once doubted the authenticity of the letters, though acknowledging that the Hackman part was quite in the character of that person; and on the part of Johnson, who blamed Croft for mixing fact and fancy. The whole matter has lain almost out of sight this hundred years, till now Mr. Gilbert Burgess gives us a new redaction of the letters, and assures us of his conviction, formed after "exhaustive investigation," that, excepting the Chatterton matter, the letters are genuine. Mr. Burgess says:

"No record of Croft's own work tallies at all with the idea that he created such a romance. But, apart from the controversy, the story and the letters seem to me to be a veritable human document of strong interest. And, after exhaustive investigation, I am convinced that such a document is only explainable on the grounds of a real living correspon-

dence and that these letters are, without doubt, those that passed between Hackman and Miss Reay" (p. xvi).

It would seem that the value of the letters as "human documents" can hardly be considered "apart from the controversy." The letters undoubtedly make a very pretty book to read, for they are quite as strange as any ordinary fiction, and they have literary quality; so Mr. Burgess is not to be blamed for wishing to make a readable and salable volume, rather than a dissertation. But if the book is offered as a "human document," the editor ought to give us some show of proof that they were actually written a century ago by two people who were lovers. Mr. Burgess tenders very few reasons for his belief. He says that the style of the Chatterton letter is unlike that of the others; accordingly he relegates this epistle to an appendix, and calmly dissects away from the other letters that appeared in *Love and Madness* all references, save one or two, to Chatterton. He advances, apparently as a forcible argument for the genuineness of the series, the facts that Booth, Hackman's brother-in-law, gave Kearsley, the publisher, the papers of the dead man; that Croft published with Kearsley, and that his work was approved by the silence of Booth (who had denounced as inaccurate an earlier, anonymous pamphlet, *The Case and Memoirs of Hackman*). The argument is not weighty. If Booth was alive in April, 1780—Mr. Burgess doubtless knows whether or not he was—and approved the first edition of *Love and Madness*, he must have seen and permitted the Chatterton letter; and a relative who, to lend false credit to Hackman as a *littérateur*, would connive at the Chatterton letter, would connive at more tampering with the dead man's *billets-doux*.

The fact is, as every student knows, that to determine the authenticity of a short piece of prose written soon after Johnson's death, is a most difficult thing. The pseudo-Johnsonian style affected almost every writer; the peculiar regularity and uniformity of Addison's day, which still make it a most delicate task to sort out Bludgell's papers from his master's, had been succeeded by a new but equally baffling common style. Hackman's authen-

tic speech at the trial is pseudo-Johnsonian; and so is Croft's Chatterton letter. No ordinary test of style alone could assure a sound criticism that the author of the letter could not have written the speech. The difficulty of correct judgment in such a matter was recognized at the time by Nichols, who reviewed the first edition of *Love and Madness* in the *Monthly Magazine*, vol. lxii, p. 326, art. 40. The second sentence in this review is quite the best thing ever said regarding the authorship. It's a pity Mr. Burgess did not quote this review, instead of the later, beheaded version which, after appearing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1816, was reprinted in the *Illustrations*, whence it is transferred to Mr. Burgess's pages. Nichols first said:

"The letters are given as the correspondence of the late unfortunate Mr. Hackman with Miss Reay. Of their authenticity we can say but little; for though we profess ourselves critics, we pretend not to be conjurors."

A quarter of a century later, after a long and intimate friendship with Croft, he had practically nothing new to say; he dropped, however, his remark about not being "conjurors."

But Mr. Burgess is not afraid of attempting a little conjuring. It remains, therefore, to see how he gets on at it. He is certainly right in finding a difference between the style of the Chatterton letter and that of the other letters, or at least of the earlier ones. The former is comparatively stiff and bookish. It has a long sentence and in parts a slightly stilted diction. The early letters are written in staccato sentences, are highly exclamatory, and at times come to abrupt stops—dashes, the writer becoming inarticulate with emotion. Moreover, these early letters are full of repetitions and roving talk quite unintelligible and tedious to the public, and so characteristic of actual epistolary style that they seem to me to pass the ingenuity of the most skilful forger. In brief, the editor seems right in believing that Croft worked with an actual correspondence before him. It seems doubtful, however, whether the printed letters are without admixture from the hand of Croft; I shall try to give the reasons.

Croft was an exceedingly versatile man. He

tried his hand at dictionary making, at biography, at verse, at sermons (which Johnson found flippant). He wrote such things as these:

"A Brother's Advice to his Sisters," 1775. "Fanaticism and Treason," "The Literary Fly," 1780. "The Abbey of Kilhampton," 1780—"a series of anticipatory epitaphs upon prominent living personages," and a curious French work, "Horace éclairci par la ponctuation," Paris, 1810.

His biography of Young which he contributed to Johnson's *Lives*, impressed Boswell as a good imitation of Johnson's style; and even Burke (according to Malone) admitted that it had the "nodosities" of that style, though lacking its strength. But Croft's style in his letters² reveals curious vacillations from this heavier manner to a terse colloquial diction and structure. There is sometimes a dexterity and lightness of touch which is far from the clumsiness that Mr. Burgess finds in the Chatterton letter. I believe Croft to have been capable of introducing many paragraphs in the later letters so deftly as almost to defy detection; he had style enough, he had enough sympathy with the *ethos* of the rôle played by Hackman in this drama of life.

Mr. Burgess speaks of the introduction to the Chatterton letter as a clumsy imitation of Hackman's style. Here it is—or the first paragraph of it—and a sentence or two of the second.

"The task you have set me about Chatterton is only a further proof of your regard for me. You know the warmth of my passions, and you think that if I do not employ myself they may flame out and consume me. Well, then, I will spend a morning or two in arranging what I have collected respecting the author of Rowley's poems. Every syllable you will read I assure you shall be *authentic*."

Did you start at "The author of Rowley's poems?" My mind does not now harbour a doubt that Chatterton wrote the whole, whatever I thought when we read them together at H." (pp. 183-184).

Is this more awkward than the following, which is made to introduce one of Hackman's (?) long, gratuitously gruesome stories of murder?

² *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, March, and April, 1800; Nichols's *Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, London, 1828, pp. 208-218.

"Did I not tell you on Saturday the particulars of the poor fellow who suffered this day se'nnight for murdering Mrs. Knightly? They are singlar. He was an Italian, I understand. Such a thing is not credible but of an Italian" (p. 135).

Or this, which introduces three pages of themes for historical paintings?

"My opinion of the great man's style of painting who condescends to improve you in drawing is exactly yours. Posterity will agree with us. The subjects you recommended to his pencil are such as I should have expected from my M.'s fancy. While I walked my horse hither this morning two or three subjects of different sorts occurred to me. All of them would not suit his style. But I know one or two of them would not displease you if well executed. Some of them I will send you" (p. 128).

[Then follow four pages of "subjects." It might be noted here that in the forged Chatterton letter there is given just such another subject for historical painting.]

Surely the artificiality is common to all three introductions. But this fashion of dragging in "anecdotes" (as Nichols called them) by the heels, is not more clumsy than many of the literary allusions are superfluous. The long list of historical "subjects" (ending with the grisly scene of Monmouth's bungled execution), and most of the literary quotations, seem alike to spring from Croft's notoriously good memory for miscellany. The letters that contain this leisurely erudition contrast strongly with the passionate single-heartedness of the true Hackman style. Compare, for example, the letter last quoted (Sept. 20, 1777) with the note which precedes it by two months. It may be argued that the styles differ with the subjects; but one subject is natural to Hackman, the other is not.

"Since last night I have changed my mind, totally changed it. I charge you not to see Mrs. Yates this morning. Write her word that your mind is changed. Never will I consent to be supported by your labours. Never, never shall your face, your person, your accomplishments be exposed for so much an hour. By heaven! I will not forgive you if you do not give up all thought of such a thing" (p. 127).

This is characteristic of Hackman. From first to last he was swept on by a tide of love

as unusual in our modern days as it was destructive to him in those. Except a few passing literary references, anything but recondite, he apparently put into his letters little but protestations of love and eager hopes of speedy marriage. It seems inevitable that suspicion must fall upon much of the literary matter and upon the narrative of those ominously modern instances of love-madness with which the letters are "enlivened."

I referred to Croft's fertility of literary allusion and quotation. In some of his work it is obtrusive. Contrast the style of his letters answering Southey, where he is a veritable Dr. Pangloss, with the smooth original web of Southey's letters. In his life of Young he quotes incessantly, even though he knew how sparingly Johnson cited. Some of the *Lives* are utterly without quotation; others introduce whole paragraphs or stanzas, with deliberate preface. But Croft in the *Young* freely sprinkles couplets and quatrains, introducing them with variety and grace of phrase. Now *Love and Madness* has plenty of bits of poetry so slipped in, many of them purely ornamental. The *Auld Robin Gray* is probably quoted by the lovers, except the couplet in the letter of Sept. 20, 1777, where it seems to be foisted in imitation of its earlier use.

Mr. Burgess remarks that from Jan. 26, 1777 on, "Hackman's letters have a morbid vein running through them." And so they have, dwelling as they do on stories of lover's murders, on suicides, on executions. But the case in favor of Hackman's putting such things into his letter is not so good as the case in favor of Croft's seizing the opportunity to work up a fine situation of dramatic nemesis. The stories are told with accuracy and minuteness, some being rehearsed from the newspapers, others from literature. Without exception there is in each some analogy to the final horrors of the Hackman case. The following passage, March 2, 1778, a year before the tragedy, must have come either from a soul more prophetic than Hamlet's, or else from an unscrupulous *littérateur* who knew all the facts of the later tragedy.

"Yet, could I believe (which I own I cannot, from the evidence in this case) that the idea of

destroying her never struck him till his finger was at the trigger; that his only intention was to lay the breathless body of an injured lover at her feet—had this been the fact, however I might have condemned the deed, I certainly should have wept over the momentary phrenzy which committed it. But as nothing appears to have past which could at all make him change his plan, I must (impossible as it seems) suppose him to have deliberately formed so diabolical a plan; and must rejoice that he was not of the same country, while I lament that he was of the same order of beings with myself" (pp. 137, 138).

Mr. Burgess says, without giving his authority, that Hackman "was sufficiently romantic to have kept copies of his letters" (p. v). Nothing strange in an eighteenth century beau, but passing strange in Hackman! One wishes that the cruel Galli, Miss Reay's companion and Hackman's enemy in disguise, had furnished Croft by stealth with the originals of Hackman's letters. For the published letters have many a choked exclamation that ill comports with the notion of a copy; worse yet, there are expressions that, if from copies made by the author of them, sound disingenuous. Thus, Feb. 16, 1776:

"Observe, when I write to you I never pretend to write sense. I have no head; you have made me all heart from top to bottom. Sense—why, I am out of my senses, and have been these six weeks. Were it possible my scrawls to you could ever be read by any one but you I should be called a madman" (p. 47).

And again, in a letter (from Newgate), which, if any, might have been spared the cheap additions of Croft:—

("Should the pen of fancy ever take the trouble to invent letters for me, I should not be suffered to write to you thus, because it would seem *unnatural*. Alas! they know not how gladly a wretch like me forgets himself.") (P. 172.)

One regrets, also, that Hackman should see fit to hand over only a few of Miss Reay's letters (one or two being moreover of unpleasant license), and not the great body of her correspondence. The absence of Miss Reay's letters does not help the look of Croft's case, who, we may be sure, would have withheld none of those then in his possession, but who might well hesitate to forge new ones.

Croft's thoughts ran upon literary forgeries.

In *Love and Madness* there are, besides the Chatterton story, many allusions to other similar deceits. In the Chatterton letter itself he devotes several pages to such cases. He waxes eloquent in Chatterton's behalf, and thinks forgery much too severe a name for the Rowley poems. Of De Foe he speaks as follows, at once attacking him for an act no worse than the theft of the Chatterton material, and leaving, he doubtless thought, some sort of loophole for himself:

"Had Selkirk given him his papers, there could have been no harm in working them up his own way. I can easily conceive a writer making his own use of a known fact, and filling up the outlines which have been sketched by the bold and hasty hand of fate. A moral may be added, by such means, to a particular incident; characters may be placed in their just and proper lights; mankind may be amused (and amusements, sometimes, prevent crimes), or, if the story be criminal, mankind may be bettered, through the channel of their curiosity" (p. xiii).

Distrust is inevitably invited in the case of the letter of Jan. 28, 1779, where there is a trouble with dates. Hackman writes,

"How glad am I that I have taken orders, and what obligations have I to my dear B. to Mr. H. and Dr. V.! Now, my happiness can be deferred no longer" (p. 142).

But Hackman was not ordained deacon till February 24. Mr. Burgess airily says that there must be a mistake in the date. Natural enough! but the closing paragraph of the letter warns: "Do not forget the 5th of next month. We *must* keep that day sacred together." He means Feb. 5, the anniversary of his duel. He writes, Feb. 5, 1778, "Only remember, in all our future life, each fifth of February be ever sacred." The dilemma is clear: either Hackman prevaricated—a man who later refused to prevaricate to save his life—or else a good part of the letter is not genuine.

I have not thought it worth while to go more minutely into the general question, considering technical points of sentence length, range of figures, connectives, ratios of predication, etc. Two or three surface matters of style caught my eye, but they can have no weight in the discussion: the misuse of *would* is a

fault common to the pseudo-Hackman style and that of Croft; so is the rhetorical question, which though distinctly a mark of Croft, everywhere and always, occurs infrequently in Hackman—who had real questions to ask his love.

What, at length, shall be said of the literary interest of the letters? Apart from the Chatterton story, that of James Hackman and Martha Reay is quite worth reprinting and reading. Mr. Burgess deserves our thanks for it; for nobody ever gave the world the story of a more genuine, a more passionately sustained devotion than that of Hackman. It may be called unwise, it certainly was not without fault; but it was ethically worth a world of such long-lived liaisons as that of Lord Sandwich. Literature has hardly a more pathetic figure to show than poor Hackman at Newgate. The letters, ostensibly written from the condemned cell, bear many marks of being, at least in their main content, genuine. These moreover when published had presumably to pass the scrutiny of the Rev. Charles Parker, in whose custody they were left by Hackman. The remorse of the condemned man, the awful dream that beset him, the relief from himself that he sought in writing to Parker, are things natural and credible. Compare the following passage, which has the true, sad ring, with the similar but strained interpolation (if such it be) which is quoted above ("Should the pen of fancy, etc."):-

"Were these scraps of paper to be seen by any other eye than yours, common people would wonder that, in proportion as the moment drew nearer, I got further and further from myself. It may be contrary to the rules of critics, but so it is. To think, or to write about myself, is death, is hell. My feelings will not suffer me to date these different papers any more" (p. 176).

The recital of the dream, made in Hackman's short, half-stifled sentences, has the poetry that is wrung out of human life with the bloody sweat of despair. A soul has reached the place (where many a soul has all too suddenly found itself), in which the obtrusive realities of the concrete world seem but shadows as compared with the dread facts of the spiritual world. And the letter has the awful eloquence which bursts out of supreme

human anguish when the victim tries to temper his pain by expressing it. He sees his Beloved—her face, her person cast anew in angel moulds; her mind he sees as plainly as her face, but it is not capable of alteration for the better; her whom he has sent to her account with all her foibles on her head, and these she must expiate. Over the fixt gulf between them he sees her smile at his sufferings, and bid her companion angel, too, enjoy them.

"Oh! how I rejoiced, how I wept, sobbed with joy, when I awoke, and discovered it was only a dream, and found myself in the condemned cell of Newgate."

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FAUST'S FIRST MONOLOGUE AND THE EARTH-SPIRIT-SCENE IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT CRITICISM.

THE unity of thought and composition of this part of Goethe's poem has become an especial subject of discussion since the appearance in 1885 of an essay by the late Wilhelm Scherer (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, vi, 231), in which he claimed to have discovered at this point unmistakable evidence of interruptions, omissions, and ill-concealed changes of plan on the part of the poet. Criticisms of these views of Scherer by Professor Calvin Thomas (*Goethe's Faust*, First Part, Boston: 1892) and by J. Collin (*Untersuchungen über Goethe's Faust in seiner ältesten Gestalt. I. Der erste Monolog und die Erdgeistszene*. Inaugural-Dissertation, Giessen: 1892) have suggested the following résumé and estimate of the arguments pro and con. Here, however, we do not forget that Scherer never saw Fräulein Göchhausen's copy of Goethe's early work, commonly called the *Urfaust*, discovered and published by Erich Schmidt in 1887 and again in 1888. Nor do we lose sight of the great advantage afforded the later critics, in their strictures upon Scherer's conclusions, by the absence in this earlier version of the cracks and seams suspected by their predecessor. But in absence of positive knowledge as to the time when the Göchhausen version was written, and as to how closely or loosely this may tally with the